

John Henry's TELEGRAM

By GEORGE V. HOBART

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When finally I finished with the statement that the robber knocked us both down and had made a successful break for liberty, Uncle Peter gave expression to a yell of dismay, and once again he and his bow and arrow held a reunion.

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As time wore on I felt more and more like a mock turtle being led to the soup house.

The fact that Bunch was sore worked me, and I began to realize that it was now only a question of a few hours when I'd have to crawl up to Clara J. and hand in my resignation.

Every time I drew a picture of that scene and heard myself telling her I was nothing but a lawn-colored fool, I could see my future putting on the mitts and getting ready to hand me one.

And when I thought of the dish of fairy tales I had cooked for that girl I could feel something running around in my head and trying to hide. I suppose it was my conscience, getting loose with me for telling her I had bought her a country house, to explain the missing numbers from my pay envelope, which had in reality been left with the bookmakers at the track.

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A learned man, wishing to swim, was nearly drowned whereupon, he swore that he would never touch water again.

Uncle Peter sat down on a rock overlooking the clay bank which sloped up about four feet above the lazy brooklet. He carefully arranged his expensive rod, placed his fish basket near by and entered into a dissertation on angling that would make old like Walton get up and leave the aquarium.

In the meantime Tacks decided to do some bait fishing, so with an old case knife he sat down behind Uncle Peter and began to dig under the rock for worms.

"Fishing is the sport of kings," the old man chuckled, "and it's a long cee that won't turn when trodden upon. If you're not going to fish, John, do sit down! You're throwing a shadow over the water and that scares the fishy monies. A fish diet is great for the brain, John! You should eat more fish."

"There's many a true word spoken from the chest," I sighed, just as Uncle Peter made his first cast and cleverly wound about eight feet of line around a spruce tree on the opposite bank.

The old man began to bolt with excitement as he pulled and tugged in an effort to untangle his line, and just about this time Tacks became the author of another spectacular drama.

In the search for the elusive worm that feverish youth known as Tacks, the Human Catastrophe, had finally succeeded in prying the rock loose, and immediately thereafter Uncle Peter dropped his rod with a yell of terror and proceeded to follow the man from Cook's.

The rock reached the brook first, but the old gentleman gave it a warm hustle down the bank and finished a close second. He was in the money, all right.

Tacks also ran—but in an opposite direction.

For some little time my spluttering relative sat dumfounded to about two feet of dirty water, and when finally I dipped him out of the drink he looked like a busy wash-day. Everything was damp but his arid.

"Yes, I believe you!" I sighed, wearily, as I turned to look down the road. I stiffened in the chair, for I saw my finish in the outward form of two women rapidly approaching the house.

"It's Bunch's sister and her daughter," I moaned to myself. "What if it were Bunch and let the blow fall first on Uncle Peter!" Accordingly, I made a quick exit.

In the kitchen I found Clara J., her headache forgotten, busily preparing to cook the dinner.

She's a foxy little bundle of peaches, that girl is, and I was wise to the fact that her suspicion factory was still working overtime, turning out material for the undersigned.

I felt it in my bones that the steer I gave her about Aunt Eliza had been placed in cold storage for safe keeping.

Her brain was busy running to the depot to meet the scandal Bunch's telegram hinted at, but she pretended to catch step and walk along with me.

"John," she said, "I certainly do hope your relatives won't come out for some little time, because we really aren't ready for visitors, now are we, dear?"

"Indeed we are not," I groaned.

"I can't help thinking it awfully strange that you should be notified of their coming by Mr. Jefferson, and in such peculiar language," she said, after a pause.

"Didn't I tell you Bunch is a low comedian?" I said, weakly. "Besides, he knows them very well. Aunt Fanny is very fond of Bunch."

"Aunt Fanny," she repeated, dropping a tin pan to the floor with a clatter, "I thought you said her name was Eliza?"

"Sure thing!" I choked, while my heart fell off its perch and dropped in my shoes. "Her name is Eliza Fanny; some of us call her Aunt Eliza, some Aunt Fanny—see?"

Like a whirlwind he was gone again. Clara J. simply looked at me quizzically and said, "The queens are here; treat them white, John!"

I felt as happy as a piece of cheese. (Copyright, by G. W. Dillingham Co.)

Hypnotizing Lobsters. Here is a curious and little known experiment that can be made with lobsters. It is quite impossible to stand a lobster up "on end" unless it is first put to sleep.

This is done by first striking the tail downward with the hand two or three times, when the fish is at once thrown into a state of coma or deep sleep, and remains in that position, without a movement of any kind, for about ten minutes. Even its eyes are fixed, and it has every appearance of being dead.

Another curious thing is that when one lobster wakes up the noise it makes in falling down rouses all the others, and the effect of one waking up is very strange.

Manners vs. Mannerism. There's a vast difference between manners and mannerisms. For instance, manners takes its soup softly and quietly, while mannerism gorges it. Manners says: "Pass the butter, please," while mannerism bites a chunk out of a piece of bread and chuckles: "Slip me the grease, will you?"—Detroit Free Press.

until he learned how to swim. Of twin brothers, one died. A professor, thereupon, meeting the survivor, asked: "Is it you that died, or your brother?"

A scholar, meeting another of the profession, said: "I heard you were dead." "And yet," replied the other, "you see that I am still alive." "Well," said the first, in perplexity, "I don't think you should be so much more truthful than you!"

A professor, a bald man, and a bar-

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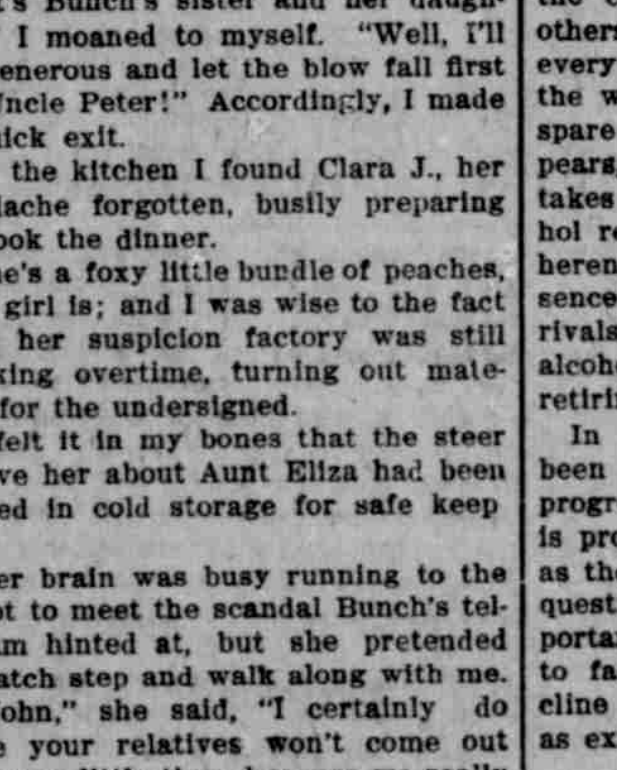
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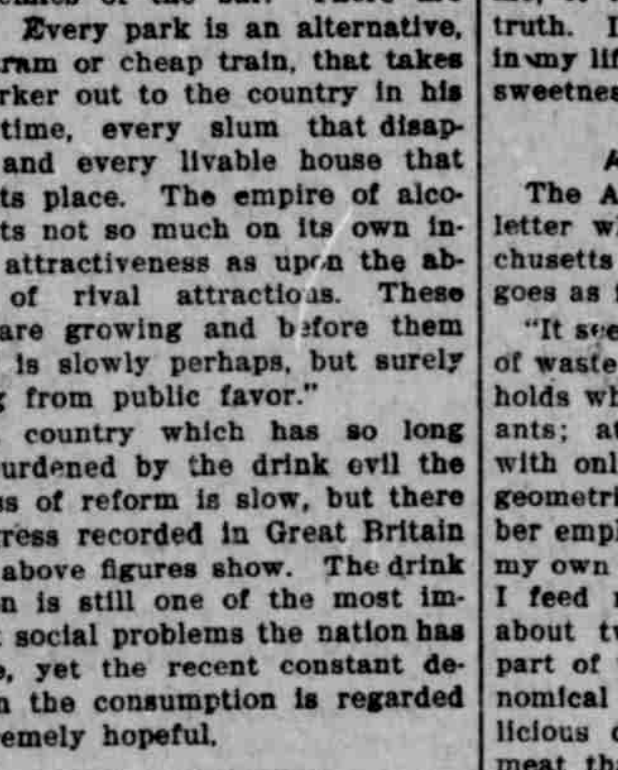
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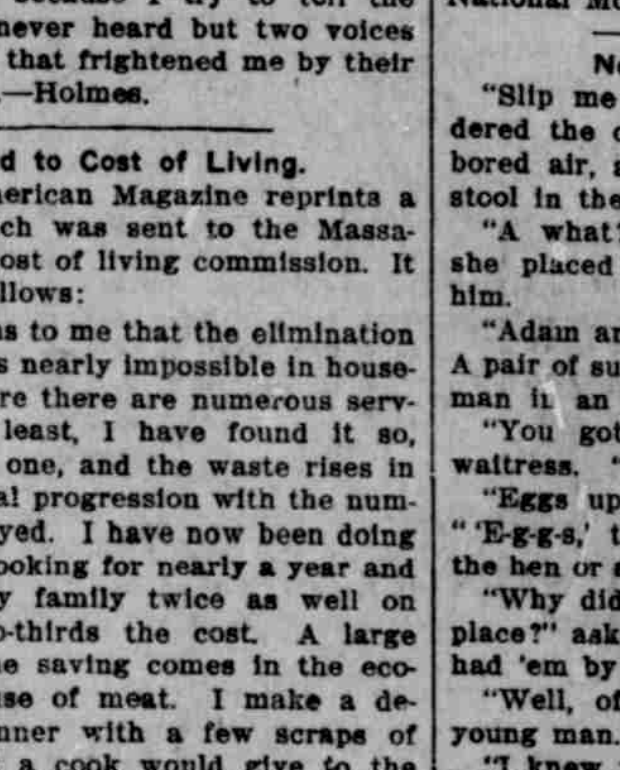
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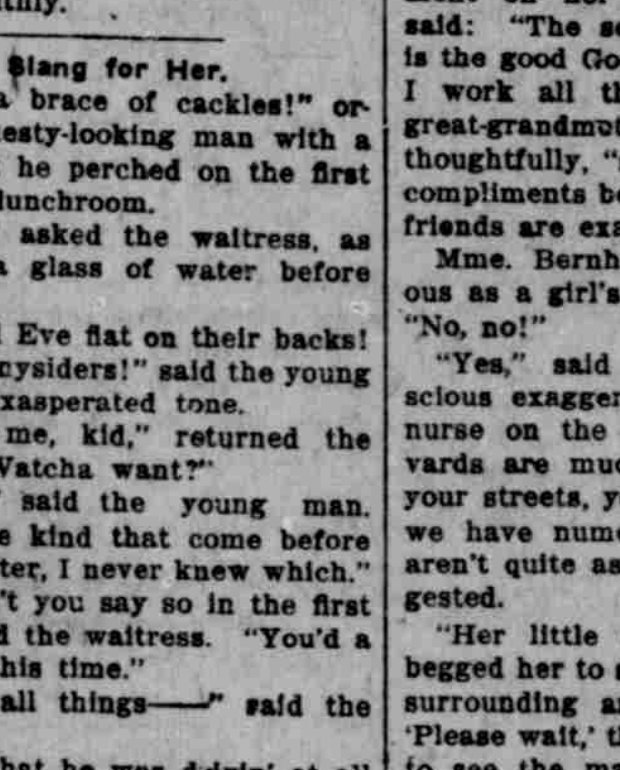
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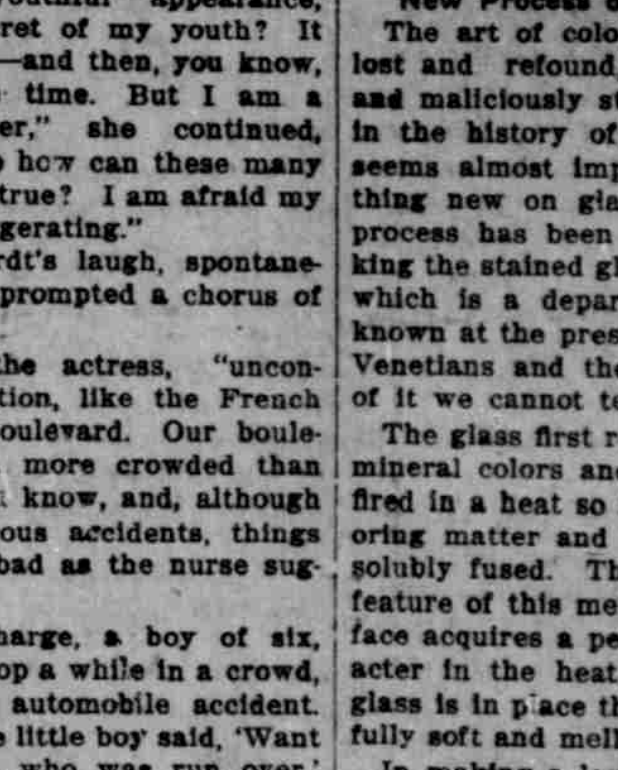
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